

THE DICKENSIAN

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WHEN FOUND—

WE understand that Sir Herbert Tree hopes to produce Mr. L. N. Parker's new dramatic version of *David Copperfield*, postponed from September 5th, towards the end of the month.

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The ladies of the Committee of the "Dickens Fellowship (London) Charitable Guild" are making up material into garments for the use of the wounded during the war, and would be very grateful if other ladies of the Dickens Fellowship would help them by sending garments as such a great number will be needed. Among some of the most useful garments to send are bed-jackets and nightshirts, all of a large size. All patterns for war garments may be obtained from the Butterick Publishing Company, Regent Street, free of charge. All such garments will be thankfully received by the Hon. Secretary of the Guild, Miss Annie Sherlock, at 42 Stradella Road, Herne Hill, S.E. The Children's Outing for September 2nd has been indefinitely postponed.

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Just as we were going to press we received the following letter from New York:—"My dear People, which includes every member of the Dickens Fellowship, I want you to know how full my heart is with thoughts and prayers for each and every one of you. If there should be anything I could do for any one on this side of the water, pray command me. I cannot realize the awful state of affairs, I know, but I can sympathize with all your anxious hearts . . . I think of the bright happy homes I have been privileged to enter in England, the eager young people, the beautiful kindness shown to the stranger within the gates, and I find my only solace in prayer. May God bless and protect you all. With deep affection, Alice Newcomer." Every one will join us in sending our heartfelt gratitude to Mrs. Newcomer for her beautifully expressed sentiments of fellowship.

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As some of our friends have, quite naturally, been evincing some curiosity concerning Mr. B. W. Matz's name, we have pleasure in stating for their information, that he is the son of an old Leicester family whose surname was originally spelled Matts; that his mother, father, and grandparents were all of English, Irish, and Scotch descent; and that the spelling of the name was altered by his parents about 1847 during their professional careers as operatic singers. He himself was born in London.

THE EDITOR.

DAVID COPPERFIELD ON THE STAGE

By S. J. ADAIR FITZ-GERALD

Author of "Dickens and the Drama," "Stories of Famous Songs," etc.

IN view of the fact that a new play founded on *David Copperfield*, by Mr. Louis N. Parker, is to be produced at the end of this month at the Haymarket Theatre, the following details concerning the dramatic version of Dickens's favourite novel may be of interest.

The novel has generally resolved itself into two classes of plays—one dealing with the Micawber incidents and the others the pathetically domestic, with Little Em'ly and the rugged Peggotty as a striking background. Thackeray, in his "Sketches and Travels in London," gives this most delightful eulogium of this really autobiographical novel. "'Have you read *David Copperfield*, by the way?' says Brown in the Club Library. 'How beautiful it is—how charmingly fresh and simple! In those admirable touches of tender humour—and I shall call humour tender, Bob—a mixture of love and wit—who can equal this great genius? There are little words and phrases in his books to hold in the affections of man! What an awful responsibility there is hanging over a writer! What man holding such a place, and knowing that his words go forth to vast congregations of mankind—to grown folks, to their children, and perhaps their children's children—but must think of his calling with a solemn and humble heart. May love and truth guide such a man always. It is an awful prayer; may heaven further its fulfilment.'" This was written over sixty years ago!

The eldest son of Charles Dickens wrote a few years since: "Of stage versions of 'Copperfield' there appear to have been only two of any importance; one by the customary John Brougham, which was played in America, and one by Andrew Halliday, which was first produced on the 9th October, 1869, by Mrs. Liston at the Olympic Theatre with great success. This version, which was called 'Little Em'ly' and was a remarkably good adaptation in itself, enjoyed the advantage of being excellently played by Sam Emery as Peggotty, Joseph Irving, a clever young actor of character parts, whose premature death was a great loss to the stage, as Uriah Heep; John Nelson as Ham; Miss Fanny Addison as Rosa Dartle, and Miss Ewell as Mrs. Gummidge, to mention only a few names of an unusually competent cast. The performance was thoroughly satisfactory to Charles Dickens, whose cordial and cheery congratulations to Andrew Halliday I well remember hearing." I may add to this by stating that George Fawcett Rowe, who played Micawber to the life, was an Australian actor who made a considerable reputation in America. He was also a dramatist and wrote amongst other pieces "Freedom," which Sir Augustus Harris produced at Drury Lane Theatre, August 4th, 1883; but long previously to this, in 1877, in fact, he wrote a play called "Brass," with which he toured the country and brought to the Haymarket, London, on August 13th, 1877, after its initial production at the Alexandra Theatre, Liverpool, in the year named. He made

his first mark in Australia as far back as 1854. In London his greatest hit was as Micawber in "Little Em'ly," where he was surrounded by a "galaxy of talent," as hereunder may be judged.

OLYMPIC THEATRE, OCTOBER 9th, 1869.

"LITTLE EM'LY," BY ANDREW HALLIDAY.

PEGGOTTY	Mr. Sam Emery.
MICAWBER	Mr. Geo. F. Rowe.
URIAH HEEP	Mr. Joseph Irving.
WICKFIELD	Mr. W. Roberts.
TRADDLES	Mr. H. St. Maur.
STEERFORTH	Mr. Chas. Warner.
DAVID COPPERFIELD	Mr. H. Vaughan.
HAM	Mr. John Nelson.
LITTLE EM'LY	Miss Patty Joseph.
AGNES WICKFIELD	Miss Jessie Earle.
MRS. GUMMIDGE	Miss Ewell.
MARTHA	Miss Mattie Reinhardt.
ROSA DARTLE	Miss Fanny Addison.
MRS. MICAWBER	Miss Lee.
BETSEY TROTWOOD	Mrs. Poynter.
PEGGOTTY BARKIS	Miss Griffith.

A little later, H. B. Conway played the part of David Copperfield. Mr. Rowe's acting, according to a critic of the time, had much to do with the undoubted success that attended the production of Mr. Andrew Halliday's adaptation, whilst the excellence of Miss Ernstone in the character of Martha on the occasion attracted the notice of Dickens himself, who personally expressed his appreciation of it. I find more than one reference to Dickens's admiration for her conception of the part and his general admiration of the whole production.

The eccentric character of Micawber has naturally been a very popular one with comedians. It has been quaintly played by Edward Terry at the Olympic, with Mr. E. W. Royce as Uriah Heep. This must have been in the late seventies or early eighties. Mr. Terry has also played Peggotty at the same theatre and was always a great Serjeant Buzfuz at benefit matinees. Charles Collette, who had a play practically written round Micawber with which he toured the provinces, also did a season with it at the old Imperial Theatre, Westminster. David Fisher, James Fernandez, and Joseph Eldred, have all excelled in the part. Eldred was a trifle Micawberish in his make-up off the stage himself, and who that knew him does not remember his marvellous cuffs? In a short account of his life in "The Dramatic List" it is stated that when the Olympic Theatre was opened in October, 1869, with "Little Em'ly" "Mr. Eldred appeared as Micawber," which is not correct—he did not act the part until 1873, and as already stated, George Fawcett Rowe was the original. When the piece was revived on March 13th, 1873, Eldred played Mr. Micawber, and Sam Emery, Dan'l Peggotty again; William Rignold, Ham; H. B. Conway, David Copperfield; C. Peveril, Steerforth; George Cannings, Traddles; Mr. Graeme, Mr. Wickfield; Arthur Wood,

Uriah Heep; Miss Marie Dalton, Little Em'ly; Miss C. Brabant, Agnes Wickfield; Miss Griffith, Peggotty Barkis; Miss Davis, Mrs. Gummidge; Miss Kate Rivers, Martha; Miss Fanny Addison, Rosa Dartle; Miss Jane Baker, Mrs. Micawber; and Miss Kate Manor, Betsey Trotwood. And of all this cast only one member is still alive Mr. George Canninge. I remember Eldred very well. He was a regular frequenter of the Occidental Tavern in the Strand. He absolutely was Micawber in appearance, but, unlike Micawber, he was never hard up. Micawber was his first chance in London, and he remained Micawber to the end of his days. Two years later—October 30th, 1875, the drama was again revived—this time at the Adelphi—with Sam Emery in his old character; W. MacIntyre, Ham; H. Vaughan (his original part), David Copperfield; Steerforth, Philip Day; Traddles, Walter Everard; Mr. Wickfield, H. Cooper; Uriah Heep, John Clarke; and Mr. Micawber, James Fernandez. Charming Lydia Foote—what an actress she was!—as Little Em'ly, and Cicely Nott as Mrs. Micawber, and her sister Harriet Coveney, Betsey Trotwood.

John Brougham's adaptation was presented at his own Lyceum Theatre, New York, January 6th, 1851, with a comprehensive American cast. It was called "David Copperfield," and Mr. Brougham played Micawber.

There is one particular play that owes its life to "David Copperfield"—indeed I have seen it referred to as being one of the best versions, of certain portions, that has been done—and that is the "Deal Boatman," by F. C. Burnand, first produced at Drury Lane Theatre, September 21st, 1863. It is true that the scene is laid at Deal, but Jacob Vance is twin brother to Peggotty, Mary Vance is half-sister to Little Em'ly, and Matt Bramber is Ham. For the rest the story is practically the same except that the end is different, and all is well. It is a good two-act drama. Clement Scott wrote, long after the event, "This was spoken of as creditable to Mr. Burnand, it being his first attempt at serious dramatic composition." George Belmore was the Jacob Vance—a sort of Robsonian character—G. Weston, Matt Bramber; F. Charles, Edward Leslie; George Barrett, Sir John Haughton; Mrs. Edmund Falconer was Mrs. Bridgitt, and Miss Rose Leclercq, Mary Vance. The piece was decidedly popular, and after the Drury Lane season George Belmore took it to the City of London Theatre for a month. In later years it was revived at the Adelphi, and Sadler's Wells.

Let us turn back a little. At the Strand Theatre, on October 29th, 1850, an adaptation by George Almar was acted under the title of "Born with a Caul; or, the Personal Adventures of David Copperfield." The cast was as follows:—

DAVID COPPERFIELD	..	..	Mr. H. Butler.
STEERFORTH	..	..	Mr. Basil Potter.
PEGGOTTY	..	..	Mr. James Johnstone.
HAM	..	..	Mr. Fortescue.
MURDSTONE	..	..	Mr. J. W. Simpson.

HURRICANE FLASH	Mr. George Almar.
WICKFIELD	Mr. Rogerson.
RICHARD BABBERLEY	Mr. Yarnold.
URIAH HEEP and Miss MOWCHER ..	Mr. W. Atwood.
MICAWBER	Mr. H. J. Turner.
BETSEY TROTWOOD	Mrs. Griffiths.
ROSA DARTLE	Miss Elphick.
AGNES	Miss Egan.
EMILY (<i>sic</i>)	Miss Love.
MRS. MICAWBER	Miss Staylin.
MARTHA	Miss I. Simpson.
DORA	Miss Manners.

Then at the Surrey, on the 18th of the next month, and also at the Standard, "David Copperfield," yet another version, was given with this cast—

DAVID COPPERFIELD	Mr. W. Montague.
MURDSTONE	Mr. Charles Brille.
MR. DICK	Mr. Fitz Roy.
TRADDLES	Mr. John Parry.
PEGGOTTY	Mr. Thomas Mead.
HAM	Mr. J. W. Collier.
URIAH HEEP	Mr. Bruce Norton.
MICAWBER and Miss MOWCHER ..	Mr. Henry Widdicombe.
STEERFORTH	Mr. A. Raymond.
WICKFIELD	Mr. Fenton.
BETSEY TROTWOOD	Mrs. Johnstone.
AGNES	Miss Jane Coveney.
EMILY (<i>sic</i>)	Miss Harriett Coveney.
Mrs. BARKIS (<i>sic</i>)	Miss La Porte.

Speaking of these theatrical annexations from "David Copperfield," "Theodore Taylor" said, in 1870, in his "Life of Dickens" the most successful of all was 'The Deal Boatman,' which quite bears out what I have already said. "Theodore Taylor" by the way was the pen-name of H. H. Taverner.

At the Grecian Theatre on October 3rd, 1870, "David Copperfield," announced as an American dramatisation, was served up in two acts for the inhabitants of the City Road and neighbourhood. Then at the Theatre Royal, Brighton, "The Ark on the Sands," by Charles Rennell, was acted September 19th of the same year. "Little Em'ly's Trials," by E. H. Brooke, was done at Sadler's Wells, March 4th, 1871, and on March 8th, 1873, "Lost Em'ly," by Murray Wood, was presented with Miss Virginia Blackwood in the title *role* at the Surrey Theatre.

"Em'ly," by George Hamilton, was played at the Albion Theatre, April 30th, 1877, after which we must make a jump to 1880 when "Little Em'ly" was revived at the Standard Theatre on March 2nd, and played by Messrs. John and Richard Douglas's Stock Company, when Charles Collette took Micawber under his wing, with William MacIntyre as Peggotty; Charles Swan as Uriah Heep, and Misses Stella Brereton and Amy Steinberg as Little Em'ly and Martha.

Afterwards the whole company went to the Park Theatre, Camden Town, a very popular house at one time. Charles Collette, in the spring of 1881, went on tour with a special company including the above ladies, W. MacIntyre and J. G. Taylor, and Miss Fanny Addison as Rosa Dartle. Then the indefatigable Charles Collette arranged a comic drama in five scenes which he christened "Micawber," and travelled through the provinces with it. This piece he brought to London and put on at the Imperial Theatre, Westminster, in May, 1881.

A very capable combination of comedians next ventured a "David Copperfield" play at the Crystal Palace, November 7th, 1882. This was, I fancy, Andrew Halliday's "Little Em'ly" from the Olympic, and I append the cast:—

DAVID COPPERFIELD..	..	..	Mr. H. Reeves Smith.
TRADDLES ..	..	..	Mr. John Willes.
PEGGOTTY ..	..	..	Mr. E. D. Lyons.
HAM ..	..	..	Mr. Joseph Carne.
MICAWBER ..	..	..	Mr. Arthur Wood.
URIAH HEEP ..	..	..	Mr. Arthur Williams.
STEERFORTH ..	..	..	Mr. J. A. Rosier.
WICKFIELD ..	..	..	Mr. Burgoyne.
LITTLE EM'LY ..	..	..	Miss Kate Rorke.
AGNES..	..	..	Miss Julia Roselle.
MARTHA ..	..	..	Miss Winifred Emery.
ROSA DARTLE ..	..	..	Miss Sophie Eyre.
MRS. MICAWBER ..	..	..	Miss Nellie Bouverie.
MRS. GUMMIDGE ..	..	..	Miss Ada Mellon.
BETSEY TROTWOOD ..	..	..	Mrs. Stephenson.
CLARA PEGGOTTY ..	..	..	Miss B. Stannard.

"Em'ly, or the Ark on the Sands," was another piece quite different from the one by Charles Rennell already mentioned, which had its initial performance at the Queen's Theatre, Manchester, March 10th, 1884.

In the same year, by the way, Mr. Fred Storey, the finest Rip Van Winkle since Jefferson, went on tour with a Dickens repertoire company, and undertook such characters as Dick Swiveller, Tackleton, The Dodger, Squeers, and Micawber.

Then for a few years comes a rest—in London, at any rate, but on August 1st, 1903, the management of the Adelphi put on "Em'ly," an adaptation of Charles Dickens's novel *David Copperfield* in four acts, by T. Gideon Warren and Ben Landeck, with the following strong cast:—

DANIEL PEGGOTTY ..	..	..	Mr. Charles Cartwright.
HAM ..	..	..	Mr. Frank Cooper.
STEERFORTH ..	..	..	Mr. Ben Webster.
DAVID COPPERFIELD..	..	..	Mr. Barrington Foote.
URIAH HEEP ..	..	..	Mr. Robb Harwood.
MR. WICKFIELD ..	..	..	Mr. Allen Thomas.
LITTIMER ..	..	..	Mr. Philip Darwin.
MICAWBER ..	..	..	Mr. Harry Nicholls.
MRS. STEERFORTH ..	..	..	Miss Kimberley.

ROSA DARTLE	..	..	..	Miss Nancy Price.
CLARA PEGGOTTY	..	..	..	Miss Bessie Harrison.
MRS. GUMMIDGE	..	..	..	Miss Caroline Ewell.
MARTHA	..	..	..	Miss May Munden.
AGNES WICKFIELD	..	..	..	Miss Maude Danks.
BETSEY TROTWOOD	..	..	..	Miss Agnes Thomas.
LITTLE EM'LY	..	..	..	Miss Madge Lessing.

Unfortunately this did not have a very long run, but, apparently undaunted, Mr. Charles Cartwright tried another version, this time by Mr. H. Kellet Chambers, entitled "Dan'l Peggotty," at the King's Theatre, Hammersmith, March 11th, 1907. In the cast were Messrs. Charles Cartwright, Lionel Belmore, Gerald Lawrence, Stanley Harrison, Charles Collette, A. B. Tapping, J. D. Ross, and G. De Lara. Mesdames E. Sarjient, C. Selwynne, Helen Vicary, G. Walker, Nell Douglas, B. Grosvenor, L. Cavanagh and Ethel Ward. In the provinces Miss Edith Cartwright played Rosa.

In November of the same year, Mr. Collette, still playing Micawber, took charge of the company when he assigned the part of David Copperfield to a lady—for the first time, I believe—Miss Joan Derry, said to be at that time the best boy impersonator on the stage. A condensed version of the same drama, also entitled "Micawber," was produced by Mr. Collette at the County Theatre, Kingston, on November 9th, 1908, which he has since played all round the provinces.

Mr. B. W. Matz has called my attention to the following astounding, if not paralysing announcement of an American play, which embellished a programme sent to him from Winnipeg. The play was performed at the Oliver Theatre, Lincoln, January, 1906. It is described as "A Great Scenic Melodrama," "A Hail Storm of Sensation," and "A Cyclone of Merriment." Mr. Matz, referring to it in the *Dickensian*, says, "It's title is 'What Women Will Do,' and it is written by Harry Jackson, whoever he may be. No one else is given any credit whatever for the production, although we find that the characters in it are Wilkins Micawber, Daniel Peggotty, *Hiram Peggotty* Uriah Heep, James Steerforth, David Copperfield, *Sheriff Dudley*, Em'ly, Rosa Dartle, *Mrs. Peggotty*, Mrs. Micawber, and Wilkins Micawber, Junr. The synopsis of the story given follows, as such characters must, that of Dickens's book with 'Specialities,' introduced at a country dance and a scene in Em'ly's apartments in Paris. How Mrs. Peggotty is brought to life must be an American secret. The whole, on the face of it, suggests a 'penny plain and tuppenny coloured' melodrama of the direst pattern, and perhaps the author of it feels he cannot conscientiously associate Dickens with it. On the other hand, he may consider that it is all the fruit of his own brain and therefore ask, 'Why drag in Dickens?' which perhaps explains his ignoring him entirely."

The late Wilson Barrett also prepared a "David Copperfield" play in which he purposed playing Ham, but his death in July, 1904, of course, put an end to all the preparations.

In September, 1910, a Dutch version of *David Copperfield* was presented at Amsterdam. It was translated and adapted by M. Spree, and in it his twelve-year-old daughter played David Copperfield; Tine V. d. Werf, Em'ly; Heer Marius Spree, Baas Peggotty; Heer Eylders, Ham; and Betsey Cremer, Clara Peggotty.

It was produced at the Stoel and Spores' Theatre (The Hague), Wednesday, September 7th, 1910. Its title was "David Copperfield: A Fragment of Child-life." In Five Acts and Ten Scenes, by Mr. Spree. Adapted from the Masterpiece (novel) of Ch. Dickens.

At the bottom of the programme the note states that:—"As material for this drama the writer only took the first part of Dickens's novel, so that the title-part remains to the end a child's part."

My amicable Dutch lady correspondent, Frauline Th. J. E. Von Aken (to whom all my best thanks) says:—"Having read your interesting book on 'Dickens and the Drama,' I came upon your allusion to the Dutch version of *David Copperfield*." And then she continues: "Dickens's works are very popular in Holland. The better classes read them in the original, the lower classes in good translations. Many of the best-known characters in the books have become 'Household Words' with us."

In November, 1911, a version of *David Copperfield* was produced in French at the Odeon. M. Max Maurey, the director of the Grand Guignol, being the adaptor. A lengthy criticism under the title of "David Copperfield Twisted," written by Mr. John N. Raphael, appeared in *The Dickensian* for December, 1911, so we need not dwell upon it here.

AN EPITAPH BY CHARLES DICKENS

By O. SACK

A UNIQUE and extremely interesting Dickens letter and document of historical value recently came into the possession of Mr. Walter T. Spencer, the antiquarian bookseller of New Oxford Street, London, who has kindly given us permission to reproduce them here. The letter is written by the novelist to George Thomson, the grandfather of Mrs. Charles Dickens, and runs as follows:—

"Devonshire Terrace,
Friday, November Twenty Sixth, 1841.

My Dear Sir,

I hope you may like the enclosed, but if you do not, pray have no hesitation in saying so. It is very difficult to write such a piece properly, unless in the first freshness and fulness of grief.

Believe that I would not have delayed doing this, if I had not been ill.

Faithfully yours always,

Charles Dickens.

George Thomson, Esq."

Meronskue Israel.

Friday November 2nd 1841.

My Dear Sir.

I hope you may like the enclosed.
but if you do not, may have no hesitation in
returning it. It is very difficult to write such a
piece properly, unless in the first freshness and
fulness of grief.

Believe that I need not have delayed
doing this, if I had not been ill.

Yours truly
Charles Dickens

Charles Dickens

George Thomson Esq.

FACSIMILE OF DICKENS'S LETTER TO GEORGE THOMSON

The piece of writing to which Dickens refers in his letter, is an epitaph for the grave stone of Mrs. Katherine Thomson, the wife of the recipient of the letter, who died on October 13th, 1841, whilst on

a visit to her daughter, Mrs. Hogarth, the mother of Mrs. Charles Dickens, who resided in Brompton. It reads:—

“Sacred to the ashes of Katherine Thomson, For Sixty Years The dear Wife of George Thomson of Edinburgh. She died at Brompton on The Thirteenth of October, 1841: Closing at the age of Seventy Five, a life of affectionate devotion and domestic excellence. Reader! The adjoining grave is that of her Grandchild, who died in the early bloom of womanhood. This is the resting-place of one whose honoured head was gray. It is hard to lose those whom we fondly love at any time; but it is a happy thing to believe that in Eternity there is perpetual youth and happiness For all. The Will of God be done!”

The gravestone in Kensal Green Cemetery has an entirely different epitaph upon it, so that it must be assumed that Dickens's composition either arrived too late or that it was not liked by the recipient.

George Thomson, for whom this kindly office was performed, married Katherine Miller in Edinburgh, on December 11th, 1781, and eight children were the issue—two sons and six daughters. The seventh child and fifth daughter was Georgina who married on June 1st, 1814, also in Edinburgh, George Hogarth who became sub-editor and music critic of the *Morning Chronicle* in 1835. There were several children of this marriage, of whom it is only necessary to mention four. Catherine Thomson Hogarth, born July 21st, 1815, who became Mrs. Charles Dickens on April 2nd, 1835, and died 22nd November, 1879; Mary Scott Hogarth, born October 26th, 1819, died at 48 Doughty Street, 7th May, 1837; George Thomson Hogarth, born April 26th, 1821, died in London, October 24th, 1841; Miss Georgina Hogarth, born January, 1827, and happily still alive to-day.

It will be seen therefore that George and Katherine Thomson were the grand parents of Mrs. Charles Dickens, and her brothers and sisters. Mrs. Katherine Thomson was buried in Kensal Green cemetery, and the statement in the epitaph which Dickens composed for her grave and which we reproduce in facsimile, that “the adjoining grave is that of her grandchild who died in early bloom of womanhood,” has reference of course to Mary Scott Hogarth whose death the novelist so mourned throughout his life. The two graves are side by side. Mary's epitaph was also written by him and remains on her gravestone in the cemetery: “Young, beautiful, and good, God in his mercy numbered her with his angels at the early age of seventeen.” His contrasting the age of the one with that of the other is beautifully phrased: one “in the early bloom of womanhood,” the other “whose honoured head was gray” rounding the epitaph off with the expression of happy belief “That in eternity there is perpetual youth and happiness for all.”

Mary's brother, George Thomson, her mother, who died August 5th, 1863, and her father who died February 12th, 1870, were all buried in the same grave with her.

George Thomson died at Leith on February 18th, 1851, and his remains were brought to London and buried in the grave of his wife.

Sacred to the ashes
 of
 Katherine Thomson.
 For sixty years
 The dear Wife
 of
 George Thomson
 of Edinburgh.
 She died at Brompton
 on the thirteenth of October 1841;
 closing
 at the age of seventy five,
 a life
 of affectionate devotion
 and domestic excellence.
 Reader!
 The adjoining grave
 Is that of her Grandchild
 who died
 In the early bloom
 of womanhood.
 Is this
 the resting-place
 of one
 whose honied head
 Was ~~grey~~ gray.
 It is hard to lose
 Those whom we fondly love
 at any time;
 But it is a happy thing
 To believe
 That in eternity
 There is perpetual youth
 and happiness
 for all.
 The will of God be done!

"EDWIN DROOD" CONTINUED*

By J. CUMING WALTERS

"EDWIN DROOD" solutions have become to me a weariness to the flesh, and I confess that I should like a long respite from them. Scarcely a month has passed during the last seven years or so but I have been invited to join in Drood controversies, to read new Drood books, to pass opinion upon original solutions of the Drood problem, to examine piles of unpublished Drood manuscripts, to read through long Drood papers which have been delivered before literary societies, to analyse other people's opinions on Drood, and in short to immerse myself in a flood of Drood literature to the exclusion of all other objects and interests on this planet. If I were a man of abundant means and unlimited leisure (which I am not) it seems that I could devote the main part of my life to an Edwin Drood controversy. I frankly acknowledge this is my own fault. I ought never to have started those "Clues" which, in a wild moment in the year 1907, exercised their fascinating lure upon me. At the time I was innocent enough, having no prophetic foreknowledge of the risk that I was personally running or of the tumult that would rage in the Dickensian world. It was, in fact, an accident—for I must not compliment myself by using the term of favouring friends and call it an "inspiration"—but I realise now that it was an awful mistake for which I must pay a deserved penalty.

Such then is my mood. The very mention of the name of Edwin Drood has of late years made my heart palpitate with a vague dread, and the sight of a Drood manuscript upon my desk effectually destroys my appetite for the remainder of the day. It might be thought, under such circumstances, that the receipt of a volume of no fewer than 528 pages would almost have a tragical result. On opening, a little tremulously, the volume, "*The Mystery of Edwin Drood*, completed in 1914, by W.E.C.," I was somewhat appeased to find that exactly half the number of pages were those of Dickens himself, and so far held no new terror for me. The other half is by a modest and unknown author who conceals his identity under initials.

This very modesty served to disarm me, for I remembered the absolutely blatant manner in which two or three of the former authors of "Continuations" had announced themselves to the public, and endeavoured to secure unmerited fame by linking their names with that of Charles Dickens. There was a further inducement for me to read the new volume, and that lay in the attractive manner of its printing by Mr. J. M. Ouseley, and the clever illustrations, deserving of special commendation, by Zoffany Oldfield.

Beginning on page 284 I soon discovered that there were points in the new text which would be well worthy of serious consideration. I do not say for a moment that the giant's robe fits W.E.C. to a nicety, but I feel I can honestly declare that he does not disgrace it. He has

* *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*, by Charles Dickens: completed in 1914 by W.E.C. New Text Drawings by Zoffany Oldfield. New Text Revised and Edited by Mary L. C. Grant. London: J. M. Ouseley and Son. 2s. net.

something of the Dickens style, something of the elusive Dickens quality, something even of Dickens's almost inimitable humour. And although it is not "the real thing" I feel that it is good imitation.

But a continuation of "The Mystery of Edwin Drood," in order to be justified at all, must not only appeal to us as literature. It must present a solution of the problem, or perhaps it would be better to say a series of solutions of the different parts of the complex problem, the mechanism of which was only half-disclosed. It needs indeed a clever man to offer to perform the whole task, and to attempt it in the Dickens fashion, and surely boldness was never exceeded in the case of W.E.C., who, so far from pondering upon the puzzle for years, as most of us have done, "only read the published portion of the story quite lately for the first time," and forthwith rushed to the elucidation. He must therefore have acted intuitively, and not have proceeded by patient argument and analysis. In fact, after reading his preface, we can almost hear him shout "Eureka!"

I had thought that with the publication of Sir W. R. Nicoll's volume the possibilities of Edwin Drood solutions had been practically exhausted; and I had even believed that the "Trial of John Jasper" last January would serve as a solemn warning to all of us not to tempt the fates any more. Yet, as I continued to read the pages of W.E.C., my flagging spirits once more fluttered, and I felt a new excitement as he approached his *dénouement*. All this of course is not saying that I agree with him. Without giving away his secret I must state that I disagree most emphatically with a number of the details, more particularly with those concerning the possible fate of Mr. Sapsea, the boy Deputy, and Neville Landless. But certain essential parts of the plot are not essential parts of the "mystery," and therefore it is necessary to concentrate upon the main theme of Jasper and Drood.

There are, of course, two questions to be definitely resolved. Was Drood murdered, and did Jasper murder him; or was Drood attacked by Jasper and did he escape? W.E.C. believes the crime was actually committed, and that Jasper was the culprit. So far I am with him. He believes that the character called Mr. Datchery was brought upon the scene in order to convict the criminal. Here I am with him again. But, in my opinion, he spoils the whole dramatic nature of this intervention by declaring that Mr. Datchery was not in disguise, that he had no direct interest in the tragedy, and that he had no higher motive for his action than a vague desire to distinguish himself by amateur detective work. This is decidedly weak; I might almost say fatuous. Such a Datchery can be eliminated, but there are still two characters left to play a great part, and to make this continuation of "Edwin Drood" worth the writing. Those two are Helena Landless and Jasper himself.

W.E.C. invests Helena Landless with almost superhuman power; at all events he takes us to the verge of the supernatural. Hypnotism was not recognised in the time of Dickens, and W.E.C. is guilty of an anachronism in introducing it into his narrative. All the same, he utilises it with power and subtlety. The chapter containing Jasper's

confession is almost uncanny in its intensity, and the vision of Helena holding his hand and listening while the incriminating words are drawn irresistibly from the lips of the unconscious man is one that haunts the imagination. "With closed eyes, her hands still grasping Jasper's, amid the silence of that wretched opium den in a London slum, Helena saw the resurrection of a dastardly crime which no living eye but that of the Choirmaster had ever seen." The description which follows reads almost like a page torn from a volume on black magic.

But this reconstitution of the scene, though it might satisfy the psychologist, would not be good enough for a court of law, and W.E.C. probably understood that when he carried his plot a stage further and provided us with another thrilling surprise. That surprise is gruesome enough. When Jasper murdered Edwin Drood and cast him in the vault and covered him with quicklime, it did not occur to him that the quicklime might have lost its potency, and that consequently its destroying agency was impaired. Even Eugene Aram could not have undergone a greater shock when the signs of crime, supposed long to have disappeared, once more confronted the criminal's eyes. "If," argued Jasper, "the body is consumed, there can be neither danger nor trial. Neville Landless now goes free, because there was no dead body to prove a murder had been committed, therefore even my morbid brain must admit that if there is no body found in the vault there can be no evidence that one was ever put there by me. *If* there is no body? But is it consumed? That at all events is a fact I can ascertain. But if it is not *all* consumed?" (At this thought the man shuddered with innate horror). "My God! in such case where shall I hide the evidence of this horrid curse I have fastened round my soul." The remote chance turned out to be correct. The one miscalculation in a remarkably calculated crime was to prove Jasper's undoing. Let the conclusion be stated in the author's own words:—

"He thrust the lantern into the dark void, and as he learned the awful truth the filmy look which had so often afflicted his sight again came over his eyes for a few seconds. For there, conjured up by his heated imagination, the figure of Edwin Drood rose up from his grave and stood before him—a shadow of silent terror to the distraught mind of the quaking murderer.

"This apparition of Jasper's now thoroughly ill-balanced brain, being merely the sub-conscious mental picture of his own recollection of his nephew when last he had seen him alive, passed almost as quickly as it had appeared. As it vanished the belfry clock chimed two quarters after midnight.

"Drawing the back of his gloved hand across his eyes, as though to clear away some mist that obscured his sight, his lips twisting and moving like those of an idiot, and a trembling moan of unbearable mental suffering issuing from between his chattering teeth, the wretched man picked up the empty lime-sack, climbed over the broken masonry and proceeded to lift the mummy-like remains of what had once been Edwin Drood.

"Whatever the psychological explanation may be of Jasper's vision,

that is, the apparition of the head, shoulders and part of the body of his nephew—must be left to those who are learned in spiritualistic lore. This history can concern itself only with the fact that, owing to the loss of its full strength by long exposure, the lime used by Jasper to destroy the body of his victim had succeeded only in consuming the extremities and a portion of the lower part of the body; then, having exhausted its destructive power, the preservative action of slacked lime coming into force, it had mummified the remainder. The sight, therefore, that appeared before the Choir-master's horrified vision was the distorted and somewhat shrunken remains of the upper portion of his nephew's body, the black silk scarf still loosely covering his victim's face."

What, then, should be our final judgment on "W.E.C.'s" volume? It is more than a curiosity, more than a *tour de force*, more than an ingenious piece of guess-work. As literary workmanship it stands higher, in my opinion, than any other of the Drood continuations. It is novel, it is suggestive, and it provides a series of well-kept secrets. The author avoids triviality and folly, though he is not altogether guiltless of "gush." But does W.E.C. solve the crucial problem? Does he even satisfy us that his solution is probable and reasonable? I am a prejudiced person, but, trying hard to free myself from bias I am bound to answer No. The mighty mind that conceived the puzzle still holds the secret.

DICKENS'S BOOKS FOR THE BLIND

WE are happy in stating that the £95 we set ourselves to collect for the purpose of supplying the means for producing two of Dickens's novels in Braille type for the blind has been subscribed by our members and friends, and that a cheque for that amount has been sent by the Treasurer of the Dickens Fellowship to Mr. Henry Stainsby, the Secretary of the National Institute for the Blind.

It was originally intended that the two books should be *The Old Curiosity Shop* and *Oliver Twist*; but as the Glasgow Dickens Society undertook the responsibility of collecting the necessary sum for the latter book, the Dickens Fellowship have chosen in its place *Great Expectations*, so that the Fellowship's contribution to the library of the blind as a result of our appeal will be *The Old Curiosity Shop* and *Great Expectations*.

We take this opportunity of heartily thanking all those who have contributed to the fund which has made this possible.

FINAL SUBSCRIPTION LIST

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DICKENS AND LONGFELLOW

BY WILLIAM GLYDE WILKINS

Author of "Charles Dickens in America"

I.

IT is well known to those who have read the "Letters of Charles Dickens," and especially the third volume issued in 1882, that during his first visit to America, Dickens became acquainted with three men in Boston, James T. Fields, C. C. Felton, and Henry W. Longfellow, and Washington Irving in New York. These acquaintanceships ripened into friendships, which in the case of Felton lasted till his death, and with the other three, till Dickens's own death.

The third volume of the letters contains many letters from Dickens to Fields and Felton, which amply prove their friendships, and also three letters to Irving in the first two volumes, which are sufficient to show the friendship between Irving and Dickens. While these volumes contain no letters to Longfellow, there are, in the second and third volumes, references to Longfellow in some of the letters from Dickens to others, and also in Forster's "Life of Dickens," as well as in "Charles Dickens as I knew him," by Dolby, which indicate the life-long friendship existing between the novelist and the poet; there are also many references to and letters from Dickens in "The Life of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow," edited by Samuel Longfellow, published in 1856, which prove that the friendship formed in 1842 was deep and lasting and only ended when Dickens laid down his life's work on that fateful June day in 1870 at Gad's Hill. As this last-named book is but little known to readers of the present day, the writer believes some account of the friendly relations existing between the great men may not prove uninteresting to admirers of Dickens, and in what follows he would acknowledge his indebtedness to Samuel Longfellow's work, and in order to make the story more complete he has also used what materials he could find in both Forster's and Dolby's books.

Longfellow at the time of Dickens's first visit was Professor of Modern Languages in Harvard University, which position he held from 1855 till 1864 during which time he resided at Cambridge. Dickens arrived in Boston, Tuesday, January 25th, 1842, and Longfellow must have made his acquaintance very promptly after his arrival, for on the following Sunday, in a letter to his father, the poet wrote:—

"You will see by the papers that Dickens has arrived. He is a glorious fellow, and the greatest possible enthusiasm exists among all classes. He has not a moment's rest—calls innumerable and is engaged three days for the remainder of his stay, in the way of dinners and parties. He is a gay, free and easy character; with bright blue eyes and long dark hair. . . . The other evening he was at the theatre, and was received with nine cheers and turned to come forward in the box and make a bow."

On the same day he wrote to a New York friend, Mr. Samuel Ward, a retired banker, the following :—

"To-day I have walked ten miles ; namely to town, *through* town and *out* of town to Charlestown (Bunker Hill) and back again. I went to hear Father Taylor preach with Dickens and Sumner, and then we made a pilgrimage through North End, over Copp's Hill to Bunkers. Dickens is a glorious fellow, you will be delighted with him, and I have promised him a letter to you, and want you to see him first, on his arrival in New York, before anyone has laid hands on him. He will reach New York on Saturday week—that is February 12th. I beg you have him and his wife to dine on that day, with Irving, Halleck, and Dr. Frances. And in order to secure to yourself the great pleasure of introducing to each other two such men as Irving and Dickens write an invitation to Dickens and enclose it to me, and I and Sumner will arrange the whole matter beforehand, if you like the plan.

When shall you be here ? Dickens breakfasts with me Friday. Will you come ? Let me know beforehand, for every place at the table is precious—but I shall count on you."

When Longfellow wrote this letter he did not know that there was no necessity for Mr. Ward introducing Dickens to Washington Irving, as it might be said that they were already acquainted through the medium of the letters they had exchanged. Dickens wrote a letter to Forster from the Carlton House on the 17th of February, describing his trip to and arrival at New York, in which he said :—



HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

"About half-past two we arrived here. In half an hour more we reached the hotel. . . . Just as we sat down to dinner David Golden made his appearance ; when he had gone, Washington Irving came in alone, with open arms, and here he stopped until ten o'clock at night."

Dickens, in another letter to Forster, from New York, on February 28th, wrote :—

"Longfellow, whose volume of poems I have got for you, is a frank accomplished man as well as a fine writer, and will be in town next fall."

At the time of Dickens's arrival in America, Longfellow was in poor health, and the University authorities had granted him a six months' leave of absence, which he had decided to spend in taking the "Water Cure," at Marienburg on the Rhine. This coming to the knowledge of Dickens, he wrote from New York the following letter inviting

Longfellow to a visit at his residence in London, which was at that time, 1 Devonshire Terrace :—

“MY DEAR LONGFELLOW,

You are coming to England you know, now listen to me. When you return to London, I shall be there, please God! Write me from the Continent, and tell me when to expect you. We live quietly, not uncomfortably—and among people whom I am sure you would like to know, as much as they would like to know you. Have no home but mine; see nothing in town on your way to Germany, and let me be your London host and cicerone. Is this a bargain?”

Longfellow writing of this invitation to his father said :—“So hearty an invitation I shall not hesitate to accept, if he is in London when I am there. It will render my visit very agreeable.” In a letter to Felton, dated July 31st, Dickens wrote :—“I am looking out for news of Longfellow, and shall be delighted when I know he is on his way to London and this house” (Devonshire Terrace).

While in Marienburg, Longfellow received the following letter, written at Broadstairs, renewing the invitation, which, as will be seen later, was accepted :—

“MY DEAR LONGFELLOW,

How stands it about your visit, do you say? Thus, your bed is waiting to be slept in; the door is gaping to receive you. I am ready to spring towards it with open arms at the first indication of a Longfellow knock or ring. And the door, the bed, I and everybody else who is in the street have been expecting you for the past month.

The states of mind I have undergone—and all along of you—since I have been down here, a term of nine weeks! The misgivings I have had of the possibility of your knocking at my door in London without notice, and finding nobody there but an old woman; the misgivings that have come across me of your being successively on every foreign steamer that has passed the windows homeward bound since the first part of the month; the hideous train of fancies from which your letter relieved me, baffle description. . . .”

Dickens returned from Broadstairs to London early in October, and Longfellow was his guest for about ten days, and there can be no doubt that as Dickens predicted, he met many whom he would like to know and who wanted to know him. On October 18th, in a letter to his German friend, Ferdinand Freilgath, he wrote :—“I have been in London about ten days and have enjoyed my visit with Dickens very much.” In a letter dated October 16th, to Charles Sumner, he wrote, “I write this from Dickens’s study, the focus from which so many luminous things have radiated. The raven croaks in the garden and the ceaseless roar of London fills my ears.”

Further on in the same letter he gives his opinion of “American Notes,” as follows :—

“I have read Dickens’s book. It is jovial and good-natured, and at times very severe. You will read it with delight, and for the most part with approbation. He has a grand chapter on *Slang—Spitting and Politics at Washington*, are the other topics of censure. Both you and I would censure them with equal severity.”

[To be concluded]

POETICAL TRIBUTES TO CHARLES DICKENS

CXVII.

JACOB'S ISLAND, 1838-1870

By CHRISTIAN TEARLE

A WINTER night in 'Thirty-eight!
 And out from London town
 A figure speeds with swinging gait
 Across the Bridge's crown:
 Of middle-height, compactly made,
 Live to the finger-tips,
 An eye that flashes like a blade,
 Long hair and mobile lips.
 An icy wind may chill the rest,
 But he is all aglow—
 Charles Dickens on a midnight quest,
 In cap and paletot!

By wharf and shanty, grim with soot;
 By grinding river-chains,
 He treads with sure and certain foot
 The narrow water-lanes;
 To Dockhead, curving like a bow,
 And where the Island lies,
 In festering rottenness below
 The clean-swept winter skies.
 And here he gives his fancy rein,
 And as he flits about,
 With dancing eye and busy brain
 He plans the chapter out.

* * * * *

The world has spun for thirty years!
 Charles Dickens rounds the Dock,
 His collar buttoned to the ears,
 A slanting billycock.
 The loafing Jacks, the waifs forlorn,
 They have no doubt of him—
 A tough sea-captain, weather-worn,
 Pea-jacketted and trim!
 But Bull's eye, stamping frozen feet,
 Has marked him by the lamp,
 And finds a bitter night more sweet
 For thoughts of Mrs. Gamp.

The poorer folk are readers now,
 And he who onward wends,
 A weary man with furrowed brow,
 Has filled their homes with friends.*
 Undimmed the lustre of his eye,
 The splendour of his brain,
 But though he bears him gallantly,
 He moves as if in pain.
 Around the turn he goes his way,
 To muse awhile beside
 The Island of his younger day,
 And where his ruffian died.

*So fades the vision, fancy-reared
 Oh, Wizard, by thy spell!
 Dear Shade, immortal and revered,
 Hail to thee and farewell!
 So dies the dream! But magic ground
 Thy haunts shall ever be,
 Where all the horns of elf-land sound:
 A realm of gramarye
 To draw us from the common round
 And bring us near to Thee.*

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A DICKENS INSCRIPTION AT SAN FRANCESCO D'ALBARO, GENOA

By ROBERT PIERPOINT

I CAME across the following in a little book called "Practical Guide to Genoa and its Environs," compiled by A. O. Munro, Pagano Brothers, Publishers (presumably Genoa), 1899, p. 80:—

"House where Charles Dickens lived, in via S. Nazaro (Foce). On the left hand side is the Villa Barabino with a slab reading as follows:

IN THIS VILLA
 ON ACCOUNT OF THE ORIGINAL RED OF ITS WALLS
 (CALLED)
 PINK JAIL
 HAD A PLEASANT ABODE
 CHARLES DICKENS
 GENIAL AND PROFOUND EXPOSITOR
 OF MODERN SENTIMENT
 1844—1894."

* "... common folks and gentlefolks will stop me in the street and say, 'Mr. Dickens, will you let me touch the hand that has filled my house with many friends?'"—Dickens to Forster, October 10, 1858.

Not being able to make out whether the inscription as given was a copy of an English inscription, or was an awkward translation of Italian, and doubting Foce as the name of the village or district, I wrote to Mr. W. Keene, M.V.O., Consul-General at Genoa. He sent me a courteous reply containing the following written by Mrs. Keene :—

“ British Consulate General,
Genoa.

8th July, 1914.

CHARLES DICKENS'S HOUSE

“ The house inhabited by Dickens is at San Francesco d'Albaro, *not* San Martino d'Albaro. Via San Nazaro in which Dickens' house is situated is a narrow lane running from San Francesco to the sea.

“ The district called *Foce* on the sea shore is much nearer the centre of Genoa than San Francesco and has nothing whatever to do with this latter.

“ I have always heard it said that Dickens himself called his house the Pink Jail. There is an arched entrance to the Villa and on it is the following inscription :

“ In questa Villa
dal Prisco Rosso delle sue Mura
Pink Jail

Ebbe gradita dimora
Carlo Dickens

geniale e profondo rivelatore del sentimento moderno.

1844.

1894.

“ The house is now called Villa Barabino after its present owner— it is the custom here the [=to] have the name of the owner cut on a marble slab outside his gate—so names of villas change with their owners.

“ The inscription, ‘ In questa villa, etc.’ has black letters on white marble cut in an ordinary type,* but the words ‘ Pink Jail ’ are cut in a more flowery manner.

“ Lately a member of the Municipio of Genoa who had lived some years in the Pink Jail had a bronze wreath placed above this inscription—this latter was also put up by the Municipio of Genoa in 1894.

“ The villa is quite near the sea with a lovely view of the Riviera.”

The said translation sticks, I think, too closely to the sequence of words in the original Italian.

Probably “ il prisco rosso ” means “ the colour originally red ” or more freely “ the faded red colour.”

I offer the following translation of the inscription :—

“ Charles Dickens genial and profound revealer of modern feeling had an agreeable sojourn in this villa [which he named] because of the faded red colour of its walls Pink Jail.

1844.

1894.”

* Probably “ cut in an ordinary type ” means “ cut in the usual capital letters.” Compare the guide book translation in capitals.

According to Forster, 1873, ii, 89, 114, Dickens arrived at the Villa on the 16th of July, 1844, and left it in the last week of September, when he went to the Palazzo Peschiere, inside the walls of Genoa; "whither we removed as soon as our three months' tenancy of the Pink Jail at Albaro had ceased and determined." (*Pictures from Italy*, 1846, p. 72.)

Forster (ii, 95) says that the villa "bore the imposing name of Villa di Bella vista" but that Dickens called it "by the homelier one of its proprietor, Bagnerello," who was a butcher. (See *Pictures from Italy*, p. 38.)

From what Mrs. Keene says one may gather that Villa Bagnerello was the usual name in 1844.

A sketch of the house by Angus Fletcher is given in Forster's *Life of Dickens*, ii, 97, and is reproduced on the cover of the November 1912, number of *The Dickensian*.

DICKENSIAN SONGS

VII

THE SAILOR'S CONSOLATION IN A STORM

THE chapter of *Dombey and Son* dealing with the return of Walter and containing some of Captain Cuttle's allusions to Florence as "My Heart's Delight!" also gives four lines of another nautical song called as above. Captain Cuttle, to gradually break the good news of Walter's safety and return to Florence, drifts into telling her a story of a wreck where only one lad was saved, and thus commences:

"Aye, the sea it's a mighty element. There's wonders in the deep, my pretty. Think on it when the wind is roaring and the waves is rowling. Think on it when the stormy nights is so pitch dark as you can't see your hand afore you, excepting when the wiwid lightning reveals the same; and when you drive, drive, drive through the storm and dark, as if you was a driving, head on, to the world without end, evermore, amen, and when found making a note of. Them's the times, my beauty, when a man may say to his mess-mate (previously a overhauling of the wollume), 'A stiff nor'-wester's blowing, Bill; hark, don't you hear it roar now! Lord help 'em. How I pitys all unhappy folks ashore now!'"

This song thus quoted from was in its early production set down as being by Thomas Hood, whilst later readers generally attributed it to Dibdin, but the real author was at last declared as William Pitt, once master attendant at Jamaica Dockyard and afterwards of Malta where he died in 1840. In its freshness and humour it must have been very acceptable to Dickens, and hence his quoting it.

In addition to the paragraph quoting the song, readers will see that Captain Cuttle makes free of including in his snatches the words, "world without end, evermore, amen." The Church morning and evening services and the Litany contain many repetitions of "world without end, amen," and the last words in all three are "evermore,

amen." Cuttle's use of the words are thus a combination. In the *Gloria* throughout and as the final of the various Psalms in the services the words are ever recurrent. The Lord's Prayer ends with the synonymous words, "For ever and ever, amen," and Dickens in the memorable prayer to his wife on the death of their infant Dora (*Dickensian*, vol. 5, p. 63) most reverently approached the Almighty God and closed his supplications with "evermore, amen." He always declared and evidenced belief, support and respect for the New Testament and its teachings, and in allowing Cuttle to use the words named in a form detached from any religious matters was not guilty of disrespect, was he? One takes it that although given humorously in connection with a nautical song it was just the likely ebullition from a Cuttle of those days who wandered say almost daily through his Church service book, and had the verbiage on his tongue's end.

J. S. P. GROVE.

ONE night came on a hurricane,
The sea was mountains rolling,
When Barney Buntline turn'd his quid,
And said to Billy Bowling;
"A strong nor'-wester's blowing, Bill,
Hark! don't ye hear it roar now!
Lord help 'em, how I pities all
Unhappy folks on shore now!

"Fool-hardy chaps who live in town,
What danger they are all in,
And now are quaking in their beds,
For fear the roof should fall in;
Poor creatures, how they envies us,
And wishes, I've a notion,
For our good luck, in such a storm,
To be upon the ocean.

"But as for them who're out all day,
On business from their houses,
And late at night are coming home,
To cheer the babes and spouses;
While you and I, Bill, on the deck,
Are comfortably lying,
My eyes! what tiles and chimney pots
About their heads are flying!

"And very often have we heard
How men are killed and undone
By overturns of carriages,
By thieves, and fires in London.
We know what risks all landmen run
From noblemen to tailors;
Then, Bill, let us thank Providence
That you and I are sailors!"

This poem is included to-day in the reading book of some of the Higher Education Schools.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE HOT-PIEMAN AND HIS WHIRLIGIG

SIR,—I have a crown octavo book printed in 1807 and written by C. Dibdin, junr., of Sadler's Wells Theatre, London, which makes references to the whirligigs hawkers made use of for gambling in the London streets. A sub-section of it called "The Song Smith, or Rigmorale Repository," contains the following:—

We are now amused by one of those well known characters who, with fortune's wheel on the shaft of a whirligig, sells Gingerbread by way of lottery; where hope may be gratified for a halfpenny, and where even the bitterness of disappointment is relieved by the sweets of spice nuts. There is a novelty in his manner that secures him custom, and curiosity brought crowds to hear him cry his "Hot spice Gingerbread," as sung in Harlequin and Oberon.

Come boys and girls, men and maids, widows and wives,
The best penny lay out you e'er spent in your lives;
Here's my whirligig lottery, a penny a spell,
No blanks but all prizes; and that's pretty well.
Don't stand humming and ha'ing, with ifs and with buts,
Try your luck for my round and sound Gingerbread nuts;
And then there's my glorious spice gingerbread too,
Hot enough e'en to melt the cold heart of a Jew.
Hot spice gingerbread hot! Come buy my
Spice gingerbread smoaking hot.

After verses comparing his gingerbreads to the national gingerbread state o' things:—

My gingerbread lottery is just like the world,
For its index of chances for ever is twirled;
But some diff'rence between 'em exists without doubt,
The world's lottery has blanks while mine's wholly without;
There no matter how often you shuffle and cut,
It isn't once in ten games you get a game nut;
So I laugh at the world like an impudent elf,
And just like my betters, take care of myself.

A signalling telegraph seems to have been similarly worked in those days and there follows verses called "The Telegraph" to the tune of "Here we go up! up! up!"

Of the freaks of the genius of whim
The Telegraph's now all the rage;
Don't think of invention, this limb
Was born in this blundering age;
And who by a telegraph goes,
Not oftener wins than he loses;
For he who the strings must dispose,
Can pull right or wrong as he chooses.

The poem incidentally alludes to a telegraph being stuck on the Government Whitehall building. For what reason is not stated.

The Gingerbread whirligigs were evidently the forerunners of those used by piemen in Dickens days.

Yours truly,

C. ANDERSON.

18th May, 1914.

"EDWIN DROOD"

SIR,—As one of your Subscribers interested in the Drood Mystery may I call your, and your readers' attention to the following.

A great deal is constantly written about the Cover, claiming the illustrations there, as proof of either one theory or the other.

To show how misleading illustrations may be will you kindly refer to the original illustrations in the "small book" of the *Battle of Life* where on page 114, Michael Warden is plainly shown eloping with Marion from the ball. Now as I read the text he did not do so, the last time they met being in the presence of Clemency (see page 96).

If Dickens had died before the explanation at the end of the book, would not most people have said Michael and Marion eloped together?

Yours faithfully,

ALFRED BEAN.

52 Porchester Terrace,

Hyde Park, W.

20th July, 1914.

MARK LEMON'S MOTHER

SIR,—I have read with great interest and pleasure Mr. J. W. T. Ley's article on "Uncle Mark." Its appearance in *The Dickensian* has led me to seek the assistance of your readers in the elucidation of a problem which I have for some time past been anxious to solve. The facts are as follows :—

Some years ago when I was consulting the registers of West Haddon, Northamptonshire, for particulars respecting the Collis family, I was told that Mark Lemon's mother was a Miss Collis and that she was a native of West Haddon. His father was Martin Lemon, who died 21st January, 1818, aged 32, and is buried in Hendon Churchyard, Middlesex, where are also the graves of several other members of the Lemon family. The maiden name of Martin Lemon's wife was Alice Collis and the marriage took place at Marylebone Parish Church. An examination of the registers gives the date as 26th December, 1808, but unfortunately both the contracting parties are stated to be "of this parish." This, however, is no proof that it was their birth-place but only that they were both residing there at the time. I find on reference to the West Haddon registers the entry of the baptism of an Alice Collis which would fit the case excellently. On 14th January, 1787, was baptised Alice, daughter of Thomas and Mary Collis. This lady would be nearly 22 years old in December, 1808, which I presume would be a good average marriageable age. At present this is all the evidence I can produce.

I understand that after the death of Martin Lemon his widow married a second time. What her husband's name was, where married or where her death and burial occurred I have been unable to ascertain. Although not strictly relevant to this enquiry such information would be very acceptable. I cannot help thinking there must have been some truth in the statement originally made to me that Mark Lemon's

mother was a native of West Haddon. As however, the person who made it is now dead, I cannot gain further information from that source. Perhaps some of your readers may be able to throw light upon the subject.

Yours faithfully,

JOHN T. PAGE.

The Elms,

Long Itchington (via Rugby),
13th August, 1914.

THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP

HERE, THERE, AND EVERYWHERE

PLYMOUTH.—The members had a very delightful outing on July 22nd. The party, which numbered fifty, proceeded by train to Steer Point Station, and embarked on board the Kitley Belle. After a pleasant run down the river, they landed at Noss where a light tea was provided. The party then wandered at will over the delightful neighbourhood, the views of sea and river, moor and forest, being most extensive. High tea was served at the Yealm Hotel, where the whole party foregathered, Mr. Wright in the chair. After the toast of the "King," proposed by Mr. F. L. Knight, Mr. W. H. N. Wright made a short address, winding up with the toast "The Immortal Memory of Charles Dickens." This was duly honoured. "The Plymouth and District Branch" was proposed in a happy speech by Mr. C. E. Kemp, and suitably responded to by Mr. W. C. Spear. After the tea, photographs of the members were taken by Mr. A. E. Coleman, a member of the branch. It is hoped that this outing may be the precursor of many similarly pleasant gatherings.

DICKENSIANA MONTH BY MONTH

"From Dickens to De Morgan." *The Teacher's World*, July 22.

"A Pickwick Pilgrimage," by a Devotee of Dickens. *The Pelican*, July 29.

"The Mystery of Edwin Drood: completed in 1914 by W.E.C." Reviews in *Manchester City News*, July 18; *Times*, July 23; *Observer*, July 26; *Globe and Star*, July 30; *Notts Guardian*, August 4; *Morning Post*, August 6.

DIARY OF DICKENS MEETINGS

SEPTEMBER

Sept. 14. Meeting of the Council of the Dickens Fellowship at Whitehall House, 30 Charing Cross, at 7 p.m.

Probably it was Dickens's keen sense of contrast that led him to mention of battles and fighting in his Christmas works. There is "The Battle of Life," the root-idea of which is an old English battle-field—possibly Naseby—while his strong admiration of the French soldier is expressed in many private letters, in the story of Richard Doubledick, the Monsieur Mutuel portion of "Somebody's Luggage," and again in "Mrs. Lirriper's Legacy."—*The Westminster Gazette*, 17 August.



CHILD'S BANK, TEMPLE BAR

The Original of Tellson's Bank in *A Tale of Two Cities*

From a Drawing by Findley, 1855

See Article on "The Crunchers"